The Michigan Antique Radio Chronicle

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A QUARTERLY WRITTEN FORUM OF THE MICHIGAN ANTIQUE RADIO CLUB

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EXTRAVAGANZA '17 PHOTOS

AND MUCH MORE!

THE MICHIGAN ANTIQUE RADIO CLUB

The Michigan Antique Radio Club was founded October 19, 1985 at the Dillon Inn in Lansing, Michigan. Present at this historical meeting to found MARC were Jim and Brenda Clark, Larry Anderson, Karl Rommel, Mike Male, Dick Perry and John Kent. The purpose of the organization is to preserve the history and enhance the knowledge of radio, television, and related disciplines, with special emphasis on contributions originating in the state of Michigan. Dues for membership in M.A.R.C. are $25.00 annually (US funds) and payable in January. Officers of M.A.R.C. welcome your membership, your questions and your personal contributions to enhance the service value, growth and activities of the organization. Terms of office for Board members expire concurrently with the summer EXTRAVAGANZA meet held in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Send Correspondence to MARC, 311 Wordsworth St., Ferndale, MI 48220. E-mail: president@michiganantiqueradio.org. **Visit our Web site at** www.michiganantiqueradio.org.

President: Jeff Lilly, 311 Wordsworth St., Ferndale, MI 48220, 246-602-7513, rackofhats@gmail.com

Vice President: Ian Shackleford, PO Box 359, Conway, MI 49722, 248-860-6634, ishack@sbcglobal.net

Treasurer: Mark Goodwin, 9225 Moon Rd., Saline, MI 48176, 734-944-0730, mrkgoodwin@comcast.net

Rec. Secretary: Sally Reinicke, 7458 St. Auburn, Bloomfield, MI 48301, 248-626-4895, sreinicke@comcast.net

Mem. Secretary : Angela Shackleford, PO Box 359, Conway, MI 49722, 248-417-3700, ashack@sbcglobal.net

Trustee: John Reinicke, 7458 St. Auburn, Bloomfield, MI 48301, 248-626-4895, jreinicke@comcast.net

Trustee: Mike Dale, 3464 Judd Rd., Milan, MI 48160, 734-439-0834, mdale8@peoplepc.com

Trustee: Nancy Colbert, 22400 Nowlin, Dearborn, MI 48124, 313-274-1948, njcolbert9@comcast.net

Trustee: Dan Gutowski, 9753 Easton Rd., Dexter, MI 48130, 734-433-1354, dg16ms26@msn.com

Trustee: Dick Jones, 7050 Talladay Road, Milan, MI 48160, 734-461-9766, dcjpjones@aol.com

Trustee: Bryan Wilemon, 9320 Quandt, Allen Park, MI 48101, 313-382-2147, abpushpull@att.net

Trustee: Mark Yamazaki, 43808 Frederickburg, Canton, MI 48188, 734-394-0072, myamzak@wowway.com

Trustee: Bob Dobush, 126 S Main, Wellington, OH 44090, 216-346-3908, bobtheatre@aol.com

Trustee: Mark Mokris, 2161 Orchard View, Ann Arbor, MI 48108, 248-763-0381, mark.mokris@gmail.com

Media Director: Mark Oppat, 253 Blanche St., Plymouth, MI 48170, 734-455-4169, moppat@comcast.net

Web Master: Leann Meixner, 253 Blanche St, Plymouth, MI 48170, 734-455-4169, bluesthecat@gmail.com

Chronicle Editor: Steve Enzer, 12740 Monroe Pike, Brooklyn, MI 49230, 517-592-2841, enzer@binsys.com

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Names and Faces...

I have always been terrible at remembering people's names. 30 seconds after an introduction a person's name falls out of my head. In an effort to try and help club members get to know each other, I'm making an effort to put names next to pictures. For those whose pictures remain nameless I sincerely apologize. Next time you see me at a meet, please make a point of introducing yourself and maybe I'll do better next time.

Steve Enzer

Perspectives

The club heads into the cool fall with a good head of steam. This year's EXTRAVAGANZA was another success, and reviews have been generally positive. Seller tables and booths were better stocked than ever and the Expo Center is proving to be all we hoped for. That said, there's always room for improvement, both in our events and in the club itself, and I come to you all this time to ask for some feedback... and some help as well.

Our goal is to continue to put on great events while growing the club's base for the future. This is no easy task. Most antique radio clubs across the nation are experiencing a decline in event attendance and sales. This is not unique to radio collecting: model trains, vintage cars, and other such collecting are experiencing declines. It's a fact of life. We all grow older, and our hobbies and interests do not always directly transfer to the next generation. Most folks under 40 did not grow up tuning in distant radio stations, or listen to radio dramas. Radio collecting is usually an outgrowth of a particular time in our nation's history and a particular nostalgia for these times. Changes aren't permanent, but change is, and our focus now has to be kindling interest in a new generation. We're trying to do this at our events with our re-branding of our shows as "Vintage Electronics Expos" (still using the "Extravaganza" tag for Kzoo.) We're working hard to expand our reach into the realms of social media. We're also trying to keep our ears open to the needs of our current, long-standing members.

So I am personally reaching out to our members. Here is our list of needs:

-Most urgently, we need someone to take over hosting duties for the Farmington show. Rob Murrell has done a fantastic job for us for many years, but he's looking to hand the reins to a successor. The host would be responsible for booking seller spaces at the show and other such duties. Rob will be happy to train and guide you through the process. We need to develop on-line registration too.

-We need someone, or several someones, who understand social media, social media marketing, and web design to assist us in bringing the club into the 21st century. We need to begin using a club-wide email system like Mail Chimp (currently being used by the ARCI club) to communicate with members.

-Feedback from you. Let us know what you think of our events. Let us know what you like, and would like us to improve. We'd love to hear your ideas for new events, new programs or presentations, and new ways of doing old things.

To those ends, we need your assistance, if you can give it. We're also calling on you to give us recommendations- do you have sons, daughters, nieces, nephews, or grandkids with the skills we need? If so, please pass this call along to them.

You can reach the club via the normal website or mail routes, or email me personally at rackofhats@gmail.com. I look forward to hearing from you. Together we can continue to make the Michigan Antique Radio Club an organization to be proud of as we move into the future together.

Thank you all,

Jeff Lilly

NOTES FROM THE SERVICE SHOP

No. 99

by John Reinicke

Fake, Fraud or Genuine and the FBI

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The trip to Centerburg had been uneventful and I had enjoyed the cool break in the summer weather. I had gotten underway early because I was meeting Ken at their warehouse on the south side of Centerburg. Ken had called me the week before and we had arranged this meeting. When he called, Ken had been somewhat mysterious about what was up. He had explained he wanted to meet with me "as a professional consultant." I always enjoy a trip to Ken and Betty's warehouse because I always get to see some really interesting things. But I must confess, Ken's invite had me a bit more excited than usual.

As I arrived, I took a moment to stretch and look around on this sunny day. The warehouse is in a small industrial park that is surrounded by farm fields and wooded hillsides. There was just a hint of color in the trees and air had just a hint of the aroma of fall harvest in the making. I walked around to the back and entered through the open roll top door. As is often the case, the big open space was covered with some really interesting bits of old furniture. I shouted "hello" and Ken walked out from behind some shelving units and came toward me with a big grin.

We exchanged a bit of "how have you been's" and Ken explained the invite.

"As you know, we have done pretty well in this business and we are more than grateful. But, sometimes I wish for the old days when we just went to estate sales and rummaged through old barns. In those days we just looked for stuff we could sell in the shop and make a few bucks. Of course, we still do that but as we have moved more into the upscale market and into stuff to sell at fancy east coast auctions we have discovered, shall I say, a darker side of the business."

I gave Ken a questioning look. "Darker side?"

"Yea, the darker side. When you pick up an old dresser for under a hundred bucks and then flip it in the store for a few hundred, there aren't a lot of concerns about provenance. But when you sell what you think is a genuine eighteenth century high boy for a couple hundred thousand you really have to be careful. Now that we are selling into the real antiques market, research is of the essence. The problem is that with these high prices, there is a real incentive to make a, shall we say, a reproduction. There are some really clever and unscrupulous chaps out there who have been known to fool experts. Sometimes things

are cobbled together from old parts of other furniture. There are those who are really good at faking labels, bills of sale and other items of provenance. Computer technology has given a real boost to this, so one has to be extra careful. On two occasions, I have hired a guy who did spectral analysis on the ink on what was supposed to be a bill of sale. In one case, the ink and paper proved to be quite modern. Although the paper had been very skillfully aged, it still didn't fool the mass spectrometer."

Ken could see the look on my face. "Yep, that bit of analysis was expensive, but well worth it. With a genuine bill of sale we sold a Revolutionary War era high boy for a quarter million and we did quite well thank you. In the case of the fake, I was able to avoid potential legal problems and, although we didn't make the 'killing' we hoped for, we still did OK.

"I suppose the most famous case of furniture fraud is the seventeenth century Shaker chair that is on display at The Henry Ford museum." Ken paused and waited for me to mouth a silent 'and'.

"The story goes as follows: In the 70's a talented woodworker and antique aficionado by the name of Armand LaMontagne had been visiting a museum and had been quite vocal about some ham-handed repairs and alterations on the furniture on display. His comments got him kicked out of the museum. After that, he decided to get revenge on the snooty 'experts'. He set out to make a replica of a seventeenth century Shaker chair. He cut a tree on his own property and milled and turned the wood while it was still green, knowing that as it dried it would warp and go out of round. To assemble it, he saved time by using modern drills and bits rather than the tenon and mortise that would have been used in 1680. To age the chair, over a period of a few months, he used a variety of techniques including burning with a torch and soaking in salt water. Bleach removed the carbon from the burning and made it appear as wear. To further age the chair he placed it in a 55-gallon drum and suspended it over a fire to dry the wood and turn it just the right shade of brown. To remove the smoke smell he used bleach and salt water soaks. He also used a variety of methods to impose "use damage" on the chair. He even used a coat of crappy paint and Elmer's glue with dust off the floor. This 'aging' took a lot of experimentation and time but the result was quite convincing.

"He gave the chair to a friend to display in his antique shop. After a few months, it was sold to another dealer and then changed hands a few times. Somewhere along the way, its true provenance got lost and it eventually was sold to The Henry Ford for over 9 grand. LaMontagne had his revenge. Once the deception had been revealed, the dealer who sold the chair to the museum offered to buy it back, but the museum staff refused to question their own expertise and left it on display. It took four years and an article in the "Detroit News" to convince them to x-ray the chair to discover the modern joinery. The chair remains on display but the information with it now shows a cautionary tale of 'to beware of deceptions'. The museum finally admitted they had been 'had'."

I looked at Ken. "So how did you become an expert?"

Ken laughed. "Sometimes experience can be a painful teacher! Early on, we ran across a book "Fake Fraud or Genuine" by Myrna Kaye. It is an excellent primer on the shenanigans that a small minority of folks in the antique trade can get up to. I fear that we have now been at it long enough to have encountered a large number of things that appear in the book. I must also confess, Betty has the better eye for things that aren't right. We have learned to be extra careful when we find something really cheap lest we let down our guard. It doesn't mean

we won't buy a piece, but it does mean we will be very careful about what we say about provenance.

"Now that I have said all of this, lets get to why I invited you here." Ken motioned for me to follow him past the amazing collection of furniture and other 'stuff'. As he walked by he explained, "All of this came from a single estate sale. It came from one of those old, big houses in Marshal just a few blocks from the Magic Museum. All of the family live out of state and they wanted to clear out the house as quickly as possible. It was a take it all or nothing deal. The old guy had been a hoarder to boot. He may have been a hoarder, but he was a hoarder with a good eye and under all the clutter we could see some really quite interesting things. Since we weren't given a chance to explore fully we knew an offer would carry some risk. We offered 90 grand for the pile and the family accepted.

"It took two 60 foot moving trucks to get it all here and we have been going over the pile for the past month. I might add, it took two trucks AFTER we tossed out two dumpsters full of just plain junk. We also wound up donating a truckload to a local thrift shop. I expect the antique dealers in Marshal had a field day in that thrift shop."

I looked around the large high bay space as Ken indicated what all had come from one house. He could see the look on my face and added with a chuckle, " It was a BIG house!"

We rounded a shelving unit and then I saw it. It was covered with a drop cloth but there really is no mistaking the four foot round shape underneath. "Is that what I think it is?" I asked.

As he removed the cover, Ken replied, "I don't know. Is it? That is why I invited you here."

I paused to take in what appeared at first glance to be a perfect Sparton Nocturne. The blue mirrored glass and brushed chrome appeared flawless. I walked around the set and enjoyed the reflections in the glass. These Walter Dorwin Teague designed sets are really quite stunning and this one appeared, to me, like new.

Ken broke my admiring mood. "That is just it. It is really beautiful but it literally doesn't smell right. I know that is an expression, but it really doesn't smell right." I gave Ken a quizzical look and he continued, "Old wood has its own aroma. Those of us that deal with old wooden things can often tell a bit of the history of a piece by its aroma. If you stick your nose in the back of that set, it smells more like a lumber yard than a piece of furniture built some 80 years ago. I have encountered lots of old furniture that has been refinished and the aroma of the finish will dominate but the wood aroma is still there from the unfinished surfaces."

With that, I took a closer look. "It does appear to have the correct 12 tube chassis and the correct speaker. It has the correct number of knobs and the 'Visoglo' 6E5 eye tube. That said, it should be noted that Sparton used that chassis in 9 other models for the '36 model year."

Ken and I then studied the cabinet. The finish was just too perfect. There was not a single bit of damage, scratch, or even age showing. Of course, it might have been quite professionally refinished but Ken was right, it didn't smell like old wood. The plywood inside was 7-layer furniture grade stuff. In 1936, it would have been 5-layer pine. This interior wood was frankly, too nice and free of decades of ground-in dust. Further inspection reveled the wood thickness to be the metric thickness you encounter today, not the full 5/8ths of the 30's. Ken and I used a caliper to confirm this. We also used the caliper to confirm that the glass wasn't a full quarter inch thick like would have used for 'plate glass' in 1936

for the mirrors. The glass was, as far as I could tell, the right shade of blue and the edges were perfect. The brushed chrome trim was flawless – not a hint of pitting. Of course, it could have been re-chromed, but this was really really perfect. Plus, the grooves for the mirror glass were sized for the slightly thinner glass.

I looked at the chassis and it appeared to be quite period correct. The surface had oxidized and corroded, as you would expect after 80 years. New wiring going to the eye tube and on the caps of the IF amplifiers lead me to believe that the chassis had been electrically restored and would probably work OK. Ken and I also agreed the patina on the chassis did not match the lack of patina on the inside of the cabinet.

"Did this guy have any other radios?" I asked since what often appears to be hoarding is just a series of unrelated collections.

Ken shook his head. "Not really. He had some modern stereo gear and a couple of recent table radios, but nothing that would remotely qualify as a radio collection."

I nodded. "OK, you asked for my so called professional opinion. Here is what I think may have happened. This set was created by a radio collector who happened to have that Sparton Chassis. It might have come from a cabinet that perhaps 'got its feet wet' in a basement flood or any number of other things could have happened. Anyway, he was smart enough to recognize this chassis was also used in a Nocturne. He either was a very talented wood, glass and metal craftsman, or well healed enough to contract out all or parts of the fabrication to folks who really knew what they were doing. Whoever came up with all of the drawings really did their homework because as far as I can see this is a quite accurate re-creation. I must say it is stunning. From what I can see, it can't be much more than 20 years old or so. Your guy in Marshal must have seen it somewhere and decided he had to have it. It might be fun to see what he paid for it and how it was sold. Since the guy was a hoarder, I'll bet the receipt was somewhere in the piles of trash that you pitched. I know you have researched sale prices on the authentic Nocturne sets. This one, of course, isn't authentic. But it is certainly beautiful and unique. About 20 years ago, I saw a really well done Nocturne reproduction, with the correct chassis, change hands at an old radio show for just under 20 grand. At that time all parties were well aware that it was a reproduction. So I would say it may not be real, but not all is lost because it will certainly bring more than 'chump change'."

Ken was grinning. "Yep, as you may recall I sold a real Nocturne a few years back and for perhaps a day, I had high hopes. But when I looked closer, as I said, it just didn't smell right. So it would appear, we agree about its provenance. I am glad to hear the chassis is correct and I can tell you that it works quite well. I might just keep it in the shop for a while as a showpiece. And, by the way, I might not have pitched out the sales receipt. When we saw what was under the pile we were on the lookout for such paperwork and we did save three file cabinets full of receipts. I expect most will be things like utility, lawn service and doctor bills but ya never know."

I took almost an hour to prowl around the collection and Ken was only too happy to point out some of the gems from the collection. I wasn't keeping track, but it was clear he was going to more that triple his investment. Ken thanked me for coming by and I headed downtown for their retail shop.

When I got to the shop, I could see Betty was busy with customers. I just waved, grabbed a cup of coffee and headed for the attic. As I entered the

attic I was reminded about how I usually go up there in the morning. The afternoon sun had made things quite warm. Fortunately there was a fresh, cool, breeze and opening the windows quickly made things bearable. I settled back into the old chair to read from the diary of Clemens Mettmann, who ran the Centerburg Radio and TV shop in that location for decades. I leaned back and let Clem's time machine take me back to the decade after the end of WWII.

It was a late summer Saturday afternoon in Centerburg. Clem and Darcy were in the show room with customers and Art and Gerry were both hard at work on television chassis in the shop. The window was open and the sounds of late summer were joining the fresh breeze. Art was muttering under his breath as he probed around the vertical deflection circuit of a round screen set from the late 40's.

"What's got you so bothered?" Gerry asked.

Art looked up, a bit surprised that someone had heard his comments. "These sets develop problems with vertical deflection and I know it is due to a leaky capacitor but I sure can't think of an easy way to find which one is causing the mischief."

Gerry gave him a sympathetic look. "Yes, it is amazing how even a little leakage can cause real problems with linearity and even cause fold-over. Usually those circuits only have half a dozen caps, so I just replace them all. That will take a lot less time than trying to find which one is bad. Besides, they are all the same vintage and probably the came from the same plant, so in the long run it is probably better to replace them all anyway."

Art nodded as if to say, "yea, that is right."

They both looked up as they could hear Clem in the front room. "Deputy, it sounds like we should take this conversation to the back room." The two exchanged a puzzled look and watched Clem, Deputy Fred Jones and a guy in a suit walk through the door. The trio walked to the center of the shop and stopped.

The deputy turned to face Clem, Gerry and Art. "You guys know me, of course, but you need to meet Special Agent Elliot Ness from the FBI." At this point he had the undivided attention of the shop trio. Clem looked at the Agent with a frown and quizzical look.

Agent Ness could see Clem's reaction and chuckled. "Don't worry, I get that all the time. And, no, I am not THAT Elliot Ness, nor am I related to him." Clem grinned at the response and Art and Gerry exchanged a puzzled glance.

With the introduction complete, Agent Ness got to the point of his visit. "The sheriff thinks highly of you guys and thinks you might be able to help with a case I am working on." He paused as they all nodded. "I am looking for a bunch of bad guys that are working county fairs across the country. They seem to prefer the smaller fairs and I suppose that is because there will be less in the way of police presence. I have drawn a line of their targets on the map and they are working pretty much from west to east. Based on their pattern I think there is a pretty good chance they might be planning to hit your county fair this next week end.

"The way they work is really quite clever. They wait for the last evening of the fair. There will be a couple of people in a back room somewhere on the fairgrounds counting the receipts for the event. All of the cash is then sorted, rolled, banded and put in a cash bag of the local bank. At that point, there will be some sort of commotion that will cause them to leave the room. They have used something like a fight or a fire in a trashcan or even just shutting off

electricity at the main switch. In less than a minute, the cash bag will have simply vanished. This has always resulted in a shout to the local security people. No one has ever been seen leaving with the cash bag. We figure the bad guys are simply blending in with the departing crowd but we can't figure out how they are getting the cash out. Those cash bags are really pretty distinctive and the cash would be hard to hide. The last two times, we had the local police on notice and they even searched everyone that was leaving. That made a lot of folks unhappy with us and we still couldn't find the bag or the cash.

"I think I have figured out that they must check out the area the week before so they know where the money will be. We thought they might have been following the crews that go around with the rides and midway stuff and, indeed, there is some commonality. Those crews do work a number of fairs but I haven't singled out any one of them that has worked all of the fairs. Of course, those crews usually don't have a uniform so it would be pretty easy to blend in with a group of strangers to the area. I also suspect they have some means of listening in on the local police radio such that they can avoid detection. So far, though, the cash bags have never been found. I have a hunch an empty bag might turn up in a farmer's field, but that might be with next spring's planting."

Clem was nodding. "So how can we help?"

"I was wondering if there might be some way to put a radio transmitter in the cash bag and use that to find where it is going. I could probably get something from headquarters, but I don't have much time. The sheriff said you guys might be able to come up with something quicker, so here I am."

There was a palpable pause as everyone stood there with a serious and thoughtful look. All at once Art snapped his fingers. Just barely above a whisper, "Yea, that just might work."

Agent Ness turned to Art. "What just might work?"

Art suddenly was animated. "We could use my 'Fox and Hounds' transmitter!"

Ness gave Art a quizzical look. "Fox and Hounds?"

"Let me explain. Our Amateur Radio club is planning a 'Fox and Hounds' Sunday after next. For that event the Fox will be me and I will hide a transmitter somewhere in the county. The Hounds, which is the other members of the club, will go around with direction finding receivers and the first to find the transmitter wins. These events are a lot of fun and enable us to hone our direction finding skills. I think the transmitter would be small enough to hide in a bank cash bag. I just tried it out last night and it seemed to work pretty well.

"Several of the club members have signed up to be Hounds, including Gerry." Art nodded in Gerry's direction.

Agent Ness stroked his chin, clearly in thought. "Good! That just might work. I will be happy to work with your club but all those involved must understand complete secrecy will be required. We don't want our suspects to get wind of our plan. Even if they don't show up you can't discuss any of this. We might want to try this at some time in the future. Also, maybe you can help with something else. While we are staked out at the fair it would be good if we had some way to communicate without using the radio."

Gerry spoke up. "I happen to have a total of four war surplus EE-8's. We can string wire from a couple of hidden spots where Art and I can triangulate on the transmitter and the other two could be where you and a deputy could be hiding. Since Clem and I are responsible for the sound equipment at the fair, our pres-

ence stringing wire probably won't be too noticeable."

The five men spent the next hour or so coming up with a draft of a plan.

Monday morning found Art with his transmitter and a cash bag on his bench. Gerry was hard at work on portable receivers and the hand held Yagi antennas that would be used by the 'Hounds'. Gerry walked over to Art's bench and really did have to admire Art's ingenious work. "You decided to use an acorn tube I see."

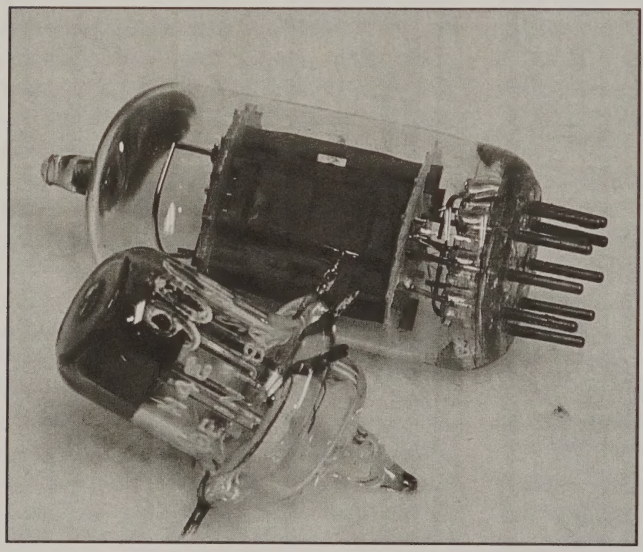
Art smiled, happy to show off his work. "Yep, I had wondered what I was going to do with these tubes that I had picked up at Fair Radio. As you can see, I have the sockets as well. I am using a 957 triode. To get it operating on 2 Meters I am using just an elongated 'hair pin' as the tank circuit. I made the 'hair pin' out of small copper tubing and that way it is rigid enough to hold shape and, therefore, stay on frequency. The 957 has a 1.4 Volt filament and takes 135 Volts for the plate. I had already planned to parallel three d cells for the A supply and use a total of 6 45 Volt batteries in series – parallel configuration for the B supply. That way I figure the batteries should last for about three days. It is really a flea power transmitter but with a case fabricated out of roof flashing copper for a ground plane I can get a pretty good signal from a fairly short piece of wire. When I was planning to use it as the 'Fox', I figured on a real quarter wave but the case isn't big enough so we shall see. I also set it up with a fairly high resistance as the grid leak that is bypassed with a cap. It breaks in and out of oscillation with a distinctive chirp about every two seconds."

"Very impressive, Mister Miller, very impressive."

"Thanks." Was Art's response.

Even Clem's wife, Gretchen helped with the project by crafting a false bottom for the money case out of leather and by helping to hide the antenna in the seam stitching for the bag. The batteries added weight but fortunately moneybags are heavy in the first place. Even Agent Ness was impressed. He had figured out how to be sure that is the moneybag that would be used on Saturday night without either bank or fair employees knowing that it was 'special'.

Saturday night, as the fair was closing, found Art with one EE-8 and a 'Hound' receiver hiding in bushes across the road from the building at the main gate of the fairground. Gerry with the same set up was hiding behind the grandstand. Their locations allowed the antenna peaks to cross at an almost 90 degree angle. Agent Ness was using a stable as a command post with one of the EE-8s and the last EE-8 was where the Sherriff could surreptitiously check in. Gerry and Art were both receiving a very clear 'chirp' from the hidden transmitter. The Sherriff had



instructed his deputies to respond to any incident at the fair in the usual way. In order to contain the information about the stake out, the security people at the fairgrounds were left in the dark.

As the last of the crowd was filing out a fight broke out at the main gate. As expected, the money was in the bag and the guys doing the counting closed the bag and went to see what the commotion was all about.

Gerry – over the EE-8, "You got it, Art?"

"Sure do" Art replied, followed by "What the hell! The signal just disappeared!

Gerry – "Mine too!" There was a long pause and Ness could feel his blood run cold.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Art came back. "Wait, the signal is not gone! It is still there – but really weak and it has been detuned by a couple of KCs. And it hasn't moved.

Gerry – "You are right, it is still there and it hasn't moved.

Ness – "You guys are saying it hasn't moved!?"

Gerry and Art simultaneously – "Roger that."

Ness – "Don't lose it!"

At the fairgrounds building the two accountants returned to the table and the bag was gone. This resulted in the same response that had gone on at the other county fairs. The security people and Sherriff deputies searched the building. Nothing appeared out of place and no one had a bag in hand. The guys involved in the fight simply shook hands and disappeared into the crowd before anyone could talk to them.

Deputy Jones (on the last EE-8) "What the hell is going on? Which way did it go!"

Ness – "The guys tell me it hasn't moved."

(Continued on page 22)

EXTRAVAGANZA 2017

This beautiful 1931 Lyric C-6 owned by Robert Sands won first place in the Open as well as the People's Choice Award.

Second place in the Open went to Ludwell Sibley's Western Electric 7C22 tube from 1944.

Both Best Preservation and third place on the Open went to Georffrey Bourne's 1924 floor horn speaker of unknown manufacture.

Timothy Laing's collection of Radio Set Analyzers from Supreme, Hickock and Jewell won first in the Test Equipment category.

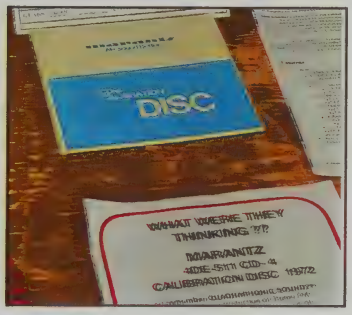
Second place in Test Equipment went to Timothy Laing's collection of Wheatstone Bridges dating 1890-1913.

The Chairman's Award and third place in Test Equipment went to a collection of tube testers from Weston, Jewell and Confidence, owned by Timothy Laing.

John Reinicke's 1942 General Electric LCP-609 won Best Restoration as well as first place in the Off the Curb category.

Second place in Off the Curb went to this 1947 John Meck 5D7-W18 owned by Stephen Sliger.

In the What Were They Thinking category, Bob Masterson won first with his Setchell Carlson 570 c1947.

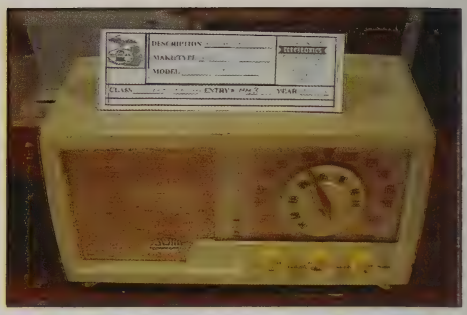


Second place in the What Were They Thinking category went to John Reinicke's 1972 Marantz 4DE-511 CD-4 Calibration Disc.

John DenHartigh received third place in the What Were They Thinking category with his Admiral Y3051A and Y3313 AM radios from 1963.

John Reinicke's homebrew crystal set c1919 was the only entry in the Family Heirloom category, winning first place. It was built by John's grandfather.

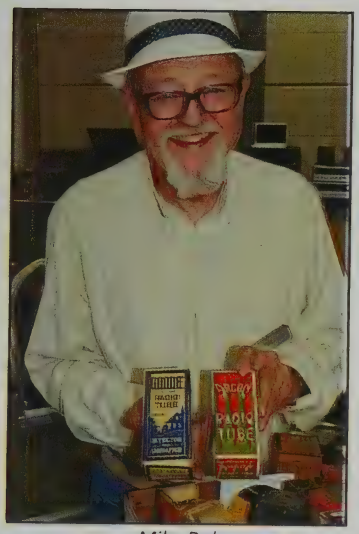
In the Mid-Century Modern category, Barry VanHorn won first with his Philco 42-501 from 1949.



Second place in the Mid-Century Modern category went to Ed Dupart's Arvin 780 TFM from 1953-54.

This pair of 1935 Air Cruisers made by Pacific Radio received third place in the Mid-Century Modern category for Geoffrey Bourne.

A view of the beautiful interior of the Lyric C-6 that won the People's Choice Award.



Mike Dale

Dick Jones

John Kiel (left)

Jim Clark

Rob Murrell (center), John Den Hartigh (rear)

Bill Timoszyk

Frank Rasada

Hayes Products Company Battery Radio, 1926

By Jim Collins

I recently acquired a Hayes battery radio, and in doing research discovered that it is not very common, so have decided to document this receiver.

The set was made in 1926 by the Hayes Products Company of Grand Haven, Michigan. It appears to be the only set they made per the Collector's Guide. This is very typical as many manufacturers who jumped on the radio bandwagon in 1925 and 1926 right before AC power sets became available, making battery sets somewhat obsolete. But this set has some interesting features. The variable condensers have sliding plates, rather than the common rotating type. This is a two dial set, with two variables tied together, and one by itself. The two together operate a pointer which moves in a slot on the front panel indicating the wavelength in meters, about 220 to 600 meters. The markings refer to an Ensign patent, which I would assume relates to this mechanism. I could not find a relevant patent on Google. I have seen these sliding capacitors previously, but on early AC sets, where all were tied together.

The set is well made and in a quite large walnut cabinet, measuring 30 ½ by 11 ½ inches at the base, and 10 ½ inches tall. Inside there is room for "B" batteries on the sides of the chassis. The inner lid has a Hayes oval brass tag. Surprisingly, there is another, more formal, brass tag mounted on the back of the cabinet, with the full manufacturers name and location. The front panel is wood grained bakelite, and measures 18 by 7 inches in size. The circuit is a standard TRF type with two audio transformers. The three RF coils are the honeycomb wound type typically seen on Freshman Masterpiece sets, but are mounted under the chassis. It is an interesting set!

A Day at Heathkit

By Edward Dupart

Heathkit during the 1970's was doing quite well and one day I saw an ad in the paper where Heathkit was seaking electronic technicians and I was wanting to move back to Michigan and leave the soybean and corn fields of Indiana behind, so I applied. Next thing we knew in 1979, we were back in Michigan living along Lake Michigan near Stevensville. Our kids could play among the mini-sand dunes, go down to the beach and look over Lake Michigan and I was enjoying working at Heathkit.

Heath had two large parking lots, one to the east of the building and one to the west of the building and a small one by the house where they sold unclaimed kits that was across the street from the factory (more on that later). The lot I parked in was the west lot that was between the factory, Lakeshore Drive and Lake Michigan. After I parked I used a key card that was issued to me so I could enter the building in the morning and I had a time clock I had to punch, something I wasn't used to doing. Then I would go to my workbench. Either Bill Adams or Mr. Frye would give me new projects to work on or I would continue with what I started the day before. So, that was the beginning of my day.

Ahh, my workbench! I liked my wood workbench, as it was well equipped. I'm guessing, but I think it was about 5 feet wide and had one or two shelves behind it with a wide array of test equipment on the shelf. The HP distortion analyzer was my pride and joy. If there was a piece of equipment I needed, they would supply me with it. There was a parts room and if I needed any parts, resistors, transistors, diodes, etc. I would go there, so my bench wasn't cluttered with a lot of little parts. A Styrofoam cup did hold a few my most commonly used non-static sensitive parts. There was a grounding mat on my bench and one on the floor for my feet to rest on and a grounding strap for my wrist and with all that I never had any static sensitive parts go bad. The Styrofoam cup was another issue as any static sensitive parts would be destroyed if they were inserted in the cup and I learned this early on and was a lesson for the others in the factory that liked to use Styrofoam cups for parts. We were also issued a ¼ " piece of plexi-glass to put over circuit boards that could have exploding parts. So, that gives you an idea what my bench looked like.

As I recall the technicians were organized in about three groups, an analog group, that I was in, the digital group and the group that repaired the kits people would send in. The digital and analog groups were out in the open factory with the assembly line behind them. The group that repaired the returned kits was in a room all by themselves and next to the parts room. I'm guessing, but I think there were about ten technicians in each group.

There were two offices, one was at ground level in front of the technicians and one was high up where they could overlook the whole plant. Bill Adams was

(Continued on page 19)

in the high up office and Jim Frye was in the ground floor office, both were good men and highly respected. I believe Jim Frye wrote several educational books for Heath. Both of them interviewed me by spreading out a couple of schematics and asking me what the symbols represented and then asked me some generic electronics questions, all of which I flew through. At that point I was hired. After that, the only time I went to the office was if I had a question.

The assembly line was basically two rows connected at one end to form a very long, narrow U with enough room for a supervisor to walk in-between the rows. I don't remember seeing any men on the assembly line, only women. Women are known for their ability to work with small parts and doing small, critical soldering. At the beginning of the line, someone would stuff a couple of parts in the board, solder it, then pass it to the next person. They would stuff a couple of parts in it and so on until it got down to the end of the line where it is now completed and put into a crate/box. Each person would stuff the same parts in the board. So line worker one would stuff R12 and Q1 on all the boards they would get for that run. The crate/box would be given to a technician who would have a test jig for that particular board and he would make sure it worked. If it didn't he would fix it. If he couldn't fix it then he would place it into another box and I would get all the boards the other technicians couldn't fix. I fixed the "dogs" and I could fix them as fast as the other technicians could fix the easy ones. The usual problems we would see from the assembly line would be wrong parts put in, parts switched, no solders and solder bridges.

The gender makeup I saw at Heath in 1979-1980 was all female for the assembly line and all male technicians except for one young lady that worked on returned oscilloscope kits and she was good at it. We tried to get women to enroll in the electronics program I ran at a college in Indiana, but we didn't get many takers, the women we did get were very successful. I experienced the same thing at the high school level and the boys really wanted to see some girls in their electronics class, but it just didn't materialize.

All products assembled at Heath were 100% burned in and there were shelves where finished products were placed, plugged in, turned on and ran for several hours. How many hours I don't remember, but I do remember one vacuum tube power supply ran overnight and one of the four lug chassis mounted electrolytic capacitors launched and went right through the metal ceiling covered with stone asphalt and was never recovered. Some of us thought it might be out in Lake Michigan, which was just across the road from the plant. It's a good thing it launched at the factory and not in somebody's home. There's a nice little patch in the ceiling/roof as a reminder of the power an electrolytic can have.

Most of the people I worked with were nice, pleasant and helpful, but there were two that were a little testy. At the time Heath was selling a lot of AM/FM stereo receivers as kits and in assembled form. All the kits came with prealigned front end and IF boards and we aligned them for the assembled units, also. Only three of us could do the align-

(Continued on page 20)

ment. We tried to train others but no one had the patience to do it. So it was the engineer, Pretzel(nickname), and myself that aligned those boards. Now, Pretzel was a very good technician, but he liked to play practical jokes and one of his jokes was to walk up behind you when you were working on a PC board with your full concentration dedicated to solving the problem with that board and dump a box of nuts and screws on it. Of course the technician jumps about three feet off his chair, scares the crap out of him and destroys the board in the process. Now, I didn't care for that kind of joke and he tried it on me and he got an earful from me. It probably went something like this, "Try that again and you are likely to be on the floor and they will have to scrape you off the floor." He never did it again to me and it's a wonder he never got fired.

The other testy technician was a digital technician and he knew digital inside and out. One day I was approached about joining the digital group because of the overwhelming demand for a certain digital product and I said, "Sure!" I knew the basics of digital, but I was clueless about this certain product and I wish I could remember what it was, but I don't. XY technician would not help me at all. He believed if he had higher productivity, his job would be more secure and so he didn't want to help anybody and he was probably their best digital technician there. I didn't like his attitude and Bill and Jim let me take home all the material I needed to study this product so that when I came in the next day I was ready to tackle it. Tackle it I did and I could fix those boards faster that XY technician as well as their dogs and XY technician was very surprised. It was up your nose with a rubber hose XY technician. Everyone else there was nice to me from the janitors to the management.

Another technician, who was a nice person, didn't follow the safety rules. Earlier I mentioned we were issued a piece of ¼" Plexiglas to put over PC boards we were working on to protect our eyes. Brand new capacitors, IC's, diodes, transistors and other semiconductors have never had power applied to them until they are put into a product and fired up. An electrolytic capacitor usually has a plastic sleeve on it showing the values and the polarity. If the plastic is put on 180 degrees off, then the positive terminal is now labeled a negative terminal. The person on the assembly puts it in right according to the plastic sleeve, but the polarity is actually reversed. Most technicians/engineers know that electrolytics can blow up. I demonstrate this in the classroom by placing a small, ½" x ¼" or so, electrolytic capacitor under a coffee can and launch it a foot or two off the stool. I've seen IC's flip their lid so nicely that you can look into the IC and see the tiny chip with its fine legs running out to the terminals, same thing with transistors. Unfortunately, the above mentioned technician didn't put the Plexiglas over the board and one of the parts blew up and he is now blinded and his eye looked very ugly. The only good thing about his tragic accident is that I have told all my electronic classes about his accident and hopefully, my students will follow the safety rules wherever they work.

Heath had a function generator that didn't align very well and so I went up to

(Continued on page 21)

the front of the building where all the engineers and management were and we talked about the problem and he came up with a solution that was incorporated into the next run. There wasn't any hassle from the engineers and they were great to work with.

Heath had another digital product that used a proprietary IC, but it was proprietary to the IC manufacturer and it came to Heath with a special number that was meaningless to Heath other than to tell them it goes into a certain product. It only has real meaning to the IC manufacturer. What the engineer did was tell the IC manufacturer I have this input and I want this output, so make us an IC that will do that. Apparently the engineer couldn't find any off the shelf IC that could do the job for him, so he went to the IC manufacturer to get what he wanted and they charged Heath a bunch for that IC. Finding a generic IC that could do the same job became one of my challenges and I did find a generic IC! It was even in stock in Heath's storeroom. Needless to say, Heath was very happy with my research and it saved them a lot of money. Did I get anything for this? No, just a pat on the back and maybe some more job security, which might of helped in moving into another position at Heath.

Lunchtime at Heath was fun in nice weather. Right across the road from Heath was Lake Michigan and several of us would take our bagged lunches and run down the steep embankment to the lake and we would eat our lunches there watching the lake. When we were done we would race each other up the steep embankment and it seemed Pretzel would win, we were all young but he was tall, wiry and quick.

Going home was interesting because I could watch the hang gliders float over Lakeshore Drive and it seemed like they could stay up there forever. The winds coming across Lake Michigan would rise along the steep embankment, almost a cliff and would create strong updrafts for the hang glider to fly on.

Anybody that was around Heath at all will remember the house across the street from the factory that had lots of surplus Heathkits. Once a month it was opened to the employees of Heathkit and was a delight for us electronic enthusiasts. If a kit was ordered and was sent to an address that no longer existed or was incorrect, it would be sent back to Heath and it went to the house, it didn't get restocked in the Heathkit store. The first kit I bought from there was a digital clock that my wife put together and we still have it. There were also a lot of manuals there and I picked up quite a few and over the years they have been disbursed at various radio shows, so don't bother calling me to see if I have a certain heath manual, because they are all gone. The surplus Heath house was a nice employee benefit.

I had to quit and go back to Indiana. During Jimmy Carter's reign, house interest rates went to unbelievable highs, 19% as I recall and it made it impossible to sell the house in Indiana. Our daughter was also homesick for Indiana, so back to Indiana we went and I became the electronics department chair at the local college and that was a very good experience and a good move for me. But I liked working at Heath.

(The Shop, continued from page 11)

Jones – "I looked in there myself, It isn't there!" This was followed by a pause. Gerry and Art kept their headphone on and their antennas pointed at the signal.

Ness – "I am going to wait just a bit and walk over to check it out. Deputy, why don't you join me. (It was not a question) Gerry and Art – keep on it."

Gerry and Art kept their antennas pointed and watched as the two men entered the building. Shortly after entering the two entered the building, the signal suddenly came back and just as quickly dropped back down.

Gerry – "Did you hear that?" (just above a whisper)

Art – "Yes I did. What do you suppose is going on."

Art had a better view of the door of the building and could see that Ness and Jones were having an animated conversation. Ness walked back to his original hiding spot and Jones appeared to leave.

Ness – "Guys, I hope you are prepared to hang in there a while. Our crooks are a clever lot indeed. There is a metal wastebasket in there. Just like the ones you have in just about all such places except this one has a false bottom. During the commotion at the front gate someone must have slipped in there and slipped the bag under it. I suspect the plan is to stop back much later and retrieve the bag and trashcan. Very smart - No one ever notices a trashcan and they all tend to be the same shade of dull brown. Jones was a bit embarrassed – well he was a lot embarrassed – but the trick had fooled a lot of folks before. Thanks to your work, I knew it had to be there and that was about the only place that would hold the bag. Jones and several of his fellow deputies are going to return and hide. There will be an unmarked car on the road as well."

It was three the next morning and Art and Gerry were cold, tired and sleepy. Fortunately the cold offset the sleepy. The professional law enforcement types were more in tune with a stake out and were doing somewhat better. With his vantage point, Art could see a car pull up to the front gate. Someone got out on the passenger side and walked up to the lock on the chain. It took less than a minute and the gate was open. Art was relaying his information to Ness who in turn stepped out and made several silent hand gestures.

The guy got back in the car and they drove next to the building. The guy on the passenger side walked up to the door of the building and worked the same magic he had used on the gate. The guy on the driver's side walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, and retrieved a wastebasket. The two walked into the building. Art and Gerry both relayed that the signal from the moneybag had returned. Moments later the two emerged with a wastebasket and the moneybag in hand. It was only after they reached the car that they noticed they had company – a lot of company - all with side arms drawn. No one was smiling. They very slowly put down the can and bag and raised their hands. It was Ness who got the honor of cuffing them.

Monday morning, before the shop opened for the day, found quite a large gathering in the workshop at the back. Everyone had a fresh cup of coffee and Agent Ness had brought donuts from the square. Gerry and Art were leaning on Art's bench. Clem, Gretchen and Darcy were leaning on Gerry's bench and facing the audience while leaning on Clem's bench were Deputy Fred Jones and Agent Elliot Ness. The mood was much lighter than the first time they met Special Agent Ness. It took a bit, but they could now bring themselves to address him as Elliot.

The special agent explained, "I thought you all would like an update on the rest of the story. This is what I can tell you. When we caught those two we separated them and Fred talked to one and I talked to the other. We both told them that the first to talk would be the one to get the better deal from the judge. Talk about honor among thieves. They both sang like happy canaries. They had two accomplices, a woman and another man. We picked them up without incident at the Sleepy Oaks hotel. As it turns out, the woman was the brains of the outfit but they weren't all that smart because they still had most of the cash and all of the money bags. We also found a couple of Hallicrafters police monitors.

"They had switched the trashcan during the day. No one notices folks that look like they are emptying the trash. They also made sure no one would discover the false bottom by simply throwing in some crumpled paper followed by a couple shots of tobacco spit. Nasty - but effective. After the heist they would wait to be sure the police traffic had died down. In big cities the local cops might post a sentry but in small towns it hardly ever happens. In one case, they had to wait until the next day and they just waltzed in and retrieved their can with the money held inside. Again, no one paid any attention, not even the cop that had been posted at the door.

"Thanks to Fred, the sheriff maintained radio silence so they weren't concerned when they returned in the wee hours to make the switch, and of course, you know what happened. And that brings me to a couple of procedural things. Art, I'm afraid we will have to keep your transmitter along with the cash bag as evidence."

Art nodded in agreement. "Don't worry about it. I can simply make another."

Elliot had a serious look on his face. "That's good, because I can't begin to guess when you might get it back. And that brings me to another, very important point. We want to keep the particulars of this arrest quiet - very quiet. It worked so well thanks to you guys we don't want the ideas to be general knowledge. To that end, you can't share this information and this whole event never happened. The release to the newspapers said we made the arrest based 'on a tip' and that is ALL that will be general knowledge. I would love to give you credit publically but I think silence will be more helpful in the long run. I hope you understand."

The shop crowd looked and each other and all nodded in agreement. It was Clem who spoke up. "I am quite sure we can all honor your request, Inspector. I would like to say it has been a pleasure to work with you but I think I will say it has been an honor to work with you.

After the two law officers left things settled back into a more normal routine. Once they got back to work, the conversation revolved around the weekend's activity – made even sweeter because they all knew they could only share it among themselves.

I sat back in my chair and took a deep breath. Boy, do I have something to talk about the next time I see Art!

Remembering Jim Olson

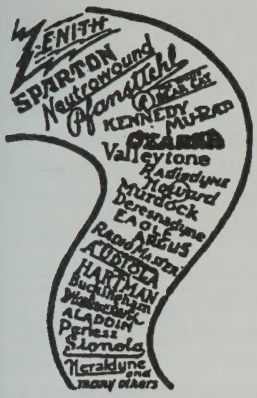
By Bill Timoszyk

MARC Member James "Jim" Olson passed away August 12, 2017, after a brief battle with cancer. Jim, born in 1947, was raised in the Missouri and Iowa environs. He was a runner / jogger his entire life, and that earned him a full scholarship to Kansas University, where he majored in journalism.

Jim worked in the creative side of advertising for some of the major agencies in the US. He worked with accounts for McDonalds, P&G, and Mitsubishi. About 25 years ago, Jim came to Detroit to work for the prestigious BBD&O agency. He was the creative leader for the Dodge Dealership account. Jim also invested in commercial real estate with his brother. As this prospered, he left the ad world to pursue to it full time.

Admiring radios since childhood, he started his collection of wood radios in 1990. His preferences were driven by design and appearance, not brand or tube count. Emerson chairsides and deco Detrola's found a home with him.

Jim's inquiring mind and unique humor will be missed. Jim is survived by his brother Paul. His funeral was private.



The Classified Ads

As a MARC member, you are entitled to one FREE posting per issue. Please e-mail your ad to the address below, or snail-mail a legibly written ad to: Steve Enzer, Editor, MARC Chronicle, 12740 Monroe Pike, Brooklyn, MI 49230. E-mail: enzer@binsys.com.

Please note that ads for the Fall issue are due by August 1st.

REPAIR SERVICE: I repair old tube type radios. Have stock of old type tubes and parts. Paul Colosimo, 19111 Wood St., Melvindale, MI 48122. 313-928-3780, 313-928-3322 (office).

REPAIR SERVICE: I repair all tube type radios. I have most parts and tubes in stock. Dan Schnaidt, 325 Milton Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49017, 269-282-1324 (home), 734-417-6995 (cell).

FOR SALE: ARBE-III, Universal Battery Eliminator, $159.95 + $15 S/H. Michigan residents, please add $9.00 sales tax. The ARBE-III is designed to provide the power requirements for most pre 1930's battery operated radios. The custom wound power transformer provides 3 electrically isolated supplies (A, B, C) which are all regulated and short circuit proof. Comes assembled, tested and with a full five year warranty. Please refer to our website at www.arbeiii.com for direct purchase using PayPal. You can contact me at 517-787-2985 for details on money order or personal check payments. We are also offering custom wound audio transformers for early radios. $19 each or $20 each for the center tapped version plus S/H. See our website for other items offered. You can reach me at arbeiii@yahoo.com.

FOR SALE: PARTS! We have a full stock of radio supplies, including capacitors, tubes, knobs (including our two types of real wood repros!) , bulbs, tube shields, etc. Our two specialties: repro radio dials (we bought the former Clint Blais repro dial business in 2003, and they are still the best!) and we can duplicate or repair most old volume or tone controls. Phono needles, carts and wheels too. Email any wants or see our website at www.oldradioparts.net Over 30 years servicing radios here! Mark Oppat moppat@comcast.net 253 Blanche St, Plymouth, MI 48170 734-455-4169 11am-9pm most days.

FOR SALE: Reproduction radio dial belts and dial cord to fit all radios. Bronze tuner cable for early RADIOLA models. Tuner repair kits for many ATWATER KENT radios. Complete details at www.Adamsradio.com. Adams Manufacturing Company, PO Box 1005, Lincoln Park MI 48146.

FOR SALE: 1% Precision tolerance 500V silver mica capacitors and **1% Precision** 630V tubular axial PSA polystyrene film capacitors. Also for sale are 1000 Volt silver mica capacitors available in many different pF sizes. All capacitors are new production. For price list and product info, please contact Dave Cantelon, 6 Ferncrest Gate, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada, M1W 1C2 ; phone 416-502-9128; Email: justradios@yahoo.com or visit WebSite: www.justradios.com

FOR SALE: – Repro Antique Radio Dial Covers – Mark Palmquist - Retro Radio Repair www.dialcover.com 5033 Arbor Ln, Lilburn, GA 30047 (770) 923-8929 jmpalm@mindspring.com

FOR SALE: Phono and tape recorder wheels, belts. Phono needles, cartridges, 45 adapters, centerposts for all brands. Our specialty: massive inventory of V-M Factory Service parts, manuals. Also buy same for stock. Visit www.thevoiceofmusic.com or email info@thevoiceofmusic.com with what you have or what you need. Phone (248) 478-0990 before 7pm weekdays, Saturday until 2pm. Gary Stork, 37530 E. Meadowhill, Northville, MI 48167

FOR SALE: Radio grommets, washers, and other rubber parts, repro knobs, push buttons, NOS and repro clock radio knobs, Motorola VT71/73 T.V. masks and knobs, and more. See them all at www.renovatedradios.com. Ed Schutz: blacksmith@renovatedradios.com (586) 697-6153.

FOR SALE: 1955 Lowery Double Key Board Electric Organ with beautiful Mahogany Cabinet, 55 tube unit, very powerful in its day, $400.00 selling as is. Variety of older ham tube equipment. Quite an assortment of ham magazines, 1970-1990s. Battery radios from 1920s, no horns but complete. Variety of transmitting tubes: 807, 866, 832, 815 etc. Portable Bakelite and wooden TVs early 1950s. WANTED: Kennedy console or table model radio. Can be rough needing work or restored if price is right. Phone Gary Clayton, The Olde Tyme Radio Centre, Belgrave, Ontario, Canada NOG 1E0, 519-357-4304, oldetymeradio@tnt21.com, http://www.oldtymeradio.ca/.

FREE: Heathkit GR 2000 television set. This is the ultimate Heathkit TV from 1979 and it was working when I parked it. It does not have a cabinet. I will also include a spare CRT. Just pick it up and it is all yours. Located in the Detroit metro area call or text me at 248 202 2175. John Reinicke

WANTED: Reuben Smith 5-tube TRF battery radio manufactured in Lansing, MI circa 1925. I traded this radio off to Oran Sauder (RIP) maybe 20 years ago. My radio had a glass front panel as well. Any assistance in relocating this radio for my personal collection would be greatly appreciated. Jim Clark, 517-648-2785 or jc072651@aol.com. Thank you.

FOR SALE: Atwater Kent Model 30 battery set $30.00; Stewart Warner battery set $25.00; 2 Hallicrafters S38C $20.00 each or both for $35.00; Bud VFO with coils $20.00; Wood Zenith Record Player $15.00; Other radio's, battery sets, consoles, table models, wood and plastic, transistors, misc test equipment cheap; Radio Literature and other radio related misc. Pick up only. Alan Reed, 2875 Geneva Hwy, Manitou Beach, MI 49253. 517-547-7570 Evenings.

FOR SALE: My collection of radios. Send large SASE for list. All in good condition and working. Robert Rossi, 10936 Melbourne Ave, Allen Park, MI 48101, 313-386-8321.

WANTED TO BUY: Your old capacitors, new or used (prefer with leads). All types: Wax, plastic, molded, striped, metal shell, disc, etc. These can be from your radio restorations, junk box, or vintage 1940-70s new old stock. Will pay shipping as well, or I can pick up in Kalamazoo at Expo 2017. Dan Gutowski 734-718-7450 email: dg16ms26@msn.com.

WANTED: Replacement Turntable in good working condition for my Magnavox 1970's Drum Style Stereo Phonograph. The Turntable is a W700/W800 Series, Model LR13302. Len Olsen 648 W. Gardenia, Madison Heights, MI 48071 lolsen46@sbcglobal.net PH:248-376-4522 or 248-543-6368.

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If you have an idea please feel free to discuss it with me, either by phone or email.

Steve Enzer, MARC Chronicle Editor,

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